



MAVERICK MARSHAL

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AUTHORITY

A Charlton
Publication

MAVERICK MARSHAL



NICHOLAS
ALFONSO

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

My Pal!

Stop being a SKINNY Weakling like I was
 IN 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY YOU CAN DO ALL I DID
GAIN 25 lbs. of HANDSOME
POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!
IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%
WIN NEW STRENGTH for money-making work!
 for WINNING at all SPORTS!
WIN NEW POPULARITY Win NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
 NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

Win \$100
 as I just did!

YOU CAN WIN
 a BIG 15" SILVER CUP
 as I just did!
 with YOUR NAME
 engraved on it!

JIM NORMAN
AFTER
 He Mailed Coupon
 Below is Cleveland
BEFORE
 He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton
 He says,
I gained 70 lbs.
 of mighty muscle



How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5** PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES Which YOU can NOW get FREE BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1



GET ALL 5 FREE

1

2

3

4

5



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every-body admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon. Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.



LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

- 1. FIVE COURSES
- 2. MUSCLE METER
- 3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Tell Me How To WIN \$100. etc.

JOWETT INSTITUTE
220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses. 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume. How to become a Mighty HE-MAN! ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING inc. C.O.D.

NAME _____ AGE _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

MAVERICK MARSHAL

MAVERICK MARSHAL

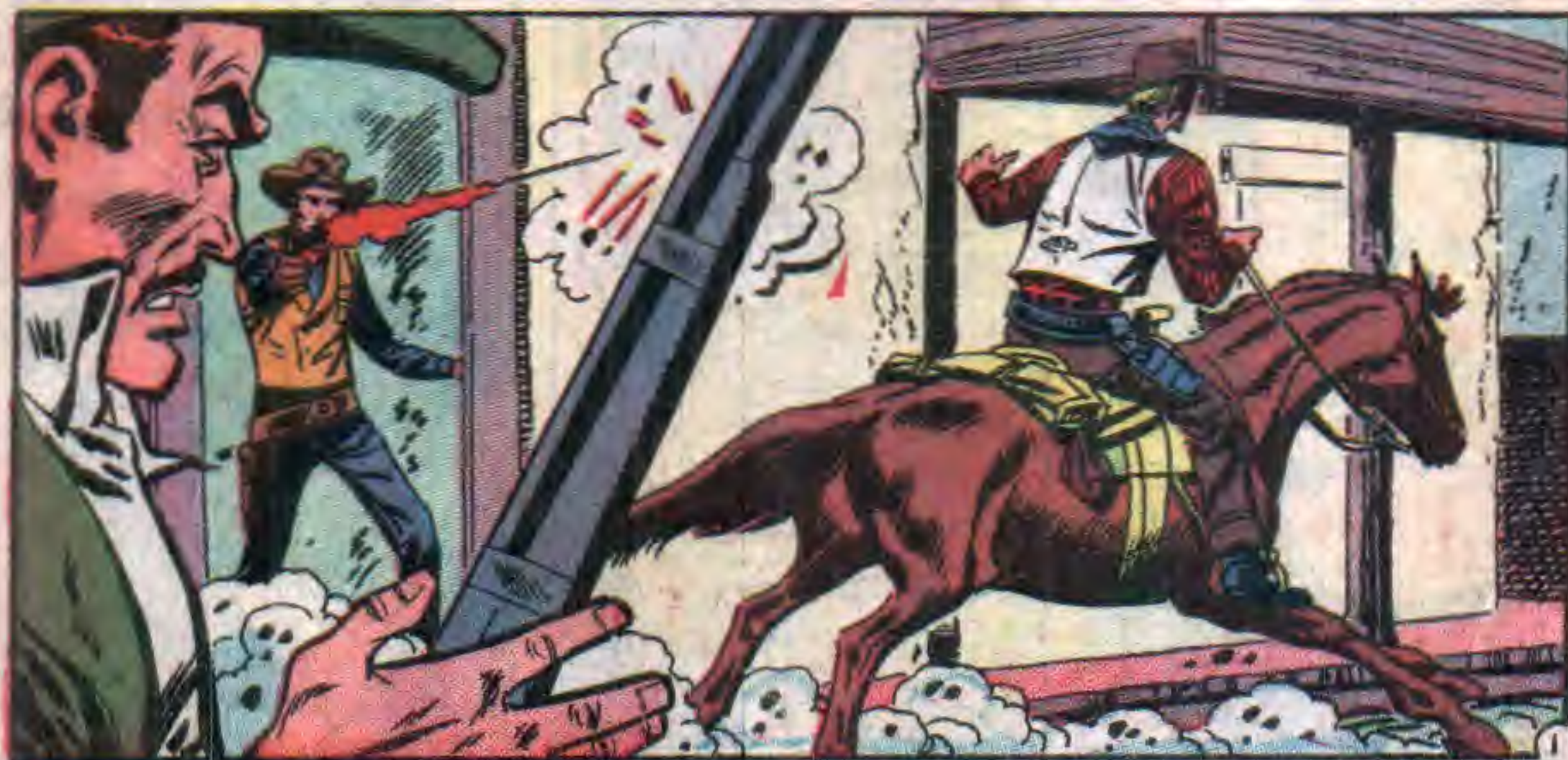


FOLKS WEST OF THE PECOS RIVER OFTEN CALL ME THE MAVERICK MARSHAL -- THEY CLAIM I BEND THE LAW A LITTLE WHEN IT LOOKS LIKE ITS SHIELDING A BAD HOMBRE OR HURTING SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T MEAN TO BREAK THE LAW. I RECKON THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED THE DAY I SAW YOUNG LENNY SEARS RUN OUT OF THE BANK WITH THE SACK OF STOLEN MONEY UNDER HIS ARM!

'BANKROBBER'S PAL'



S4669



MAVERICK MARSHAL

YOU WERE IN WITH HIM, STONE!
YOU HELPED HIM GET AWAY!
I'LL HAVE
YOU SENT
TO PRISON
FOR THIS!

WHAT'LL I DO,
BOSS? IF MY
THUMB SLIPS...



I KNEW HE'D DO IT--GROGAN
PAID BIG MONEY TO GUNSLIN-
GERS LIKE BRADFORD, THE
MAN BEHIND ME...

NO, BRAD! WE
NEED THE MAR-
SHAL! HE'S
GOING TO SWEAR
ME AND THE
BOYS IN AS
DEPUTIES--
WE'RE GOING
AFTER SEARS!
UNDERSTAND,
MARSHAL?

I'LL SWEAR
YOU IN BUT
IT WON'T
WORK THE
WAY YUH
FIGGER,
GROGAN!



I RODE OUT LEADING FIVE
DEPUTIES--GROGAN, AS COLD
A BUSHWHACKER AS ANY IN
WEST TEXAS, AND HIS PET
KILLERS! THEY MEANT TO TAKE
LENNY SEARS BACK UNDER A
BLANKET--AND THEY'D HAVE
ME IN THE SAME SHAPE...

SEARS' DAD DIED--HIS DEED
WAS IN GROGAN'S BANK.
GROGAN FORGED A BILL OF
SALE--HE ROBBED
LENNY.



THIS TIME, LOCAL LAW WOULD
BACK GROGAN...
IF I LET IT!



HE TURNED OFF HERE--HE'S
GOIN' TO HOLE UP IN THE
OLD SHACK...AN' HE
CAN'T GET AWAY.



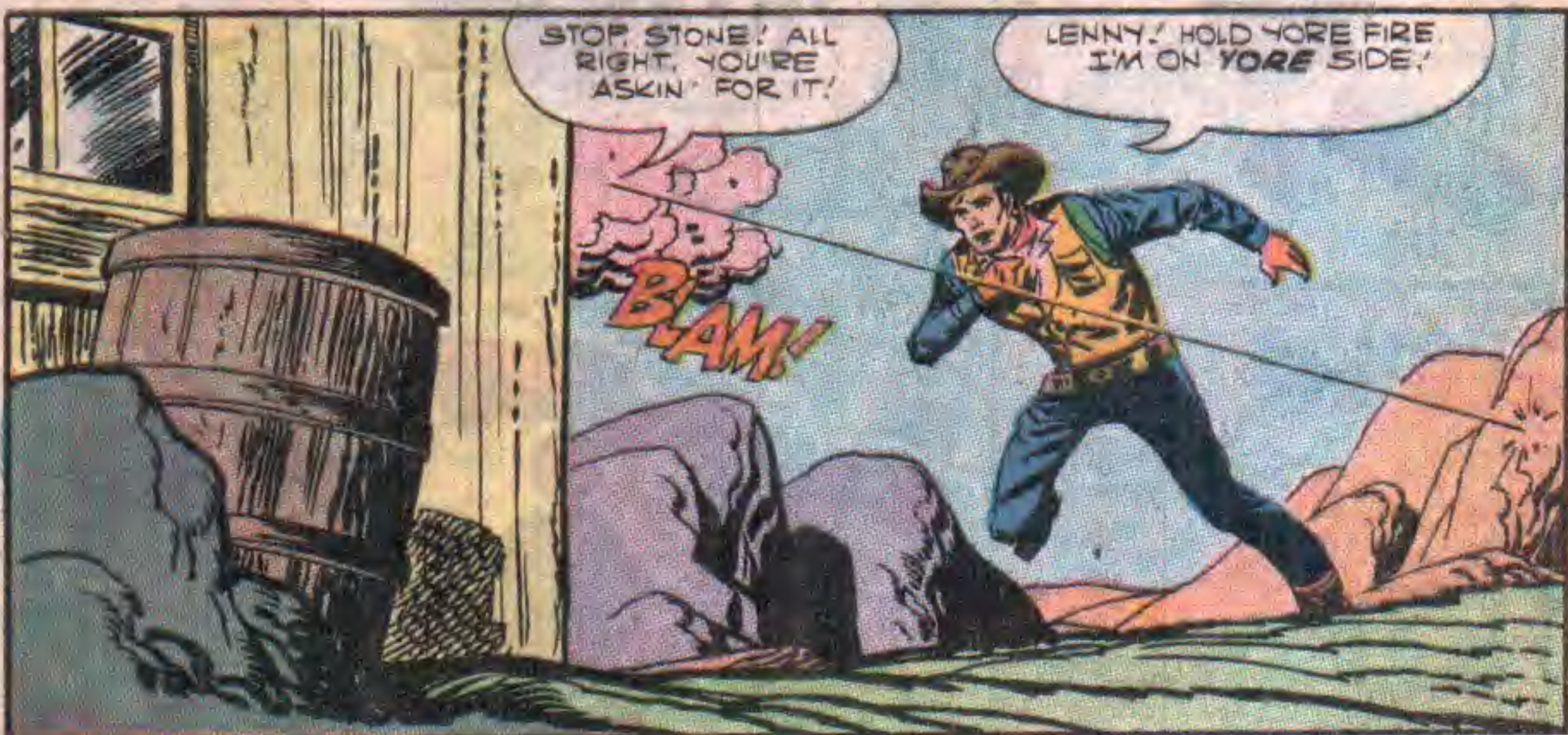
STONE, YOU COME WITH ME!
YOU'LL TELL HIM TO SURREN-
DER--TELL HIM HE'LL GET A
FAIR TRIAL, THAT HE'LL
PROBABLY GET HIS RANCH
BACK! IF YUH DON'T...
GET MOVIN'...



MAVERICK MARSHAL

2

CASH GROGAN, AS USUAL, HAD THE DECK STACKED IN HIS FAVOR... I HAD TO GO IN AHEAD OF HIM...



I FELT GROGAN'S SLUGS WHIPPING PAST... BUT LENNY SEARS HELD UP WHILE I DASHED FOR THE SHACK, AND MADE IT...



BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!
GIVEN! GIVEN! **YES, WE GIVE YOU**
PREMIUMS
or CASH!



YOURS FREE
— SEND FOR
this big, powerful
**MAGIC
MAGNIFIER**

**JUST MAIL
COUPON!**

**THIS IS A TERRIFIC OFFER
LOOK WHAT YOU GET**

Yes — we'll send you the **MAGIC MAGNIFIER** absolutely **FREE!** Study insects, plant life, rocks, stamps, finger-prints, etc. Also — we'll send **WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE & Big Catalog** showing dozens of wonderful premiums you can have: Cameras, Dolls, Rifles, Fishing Outfits, Radios, Watches, etc. (Sent postpaid). You simply offer **WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE** — easily sold to friends, relatives and neighbors at **50¢ a Tube**. Rush coupon to start.

**MAIL COUPON FOR FREE MAGNIFIER
BIG CATALOG and ORDER OF SALVE**

**SOLD
BY AGENTS
AND DRUG
STORES
EVERYWHERE**

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping

**OVER
64
YEARS!**

MAIL COUPON—*Magnifier Sent FREE!*

Date.....

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99-9 , Tyrone, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial, 14 tubes of **WHITE CLOVERINE** Brand **SALVE** to sell at 50c a tube. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send my **FREE 'MAGIC MAGNIFIER'!**

NARFSTAR

Name _____ Age _____

St. _____ R.D. _____ Box _____

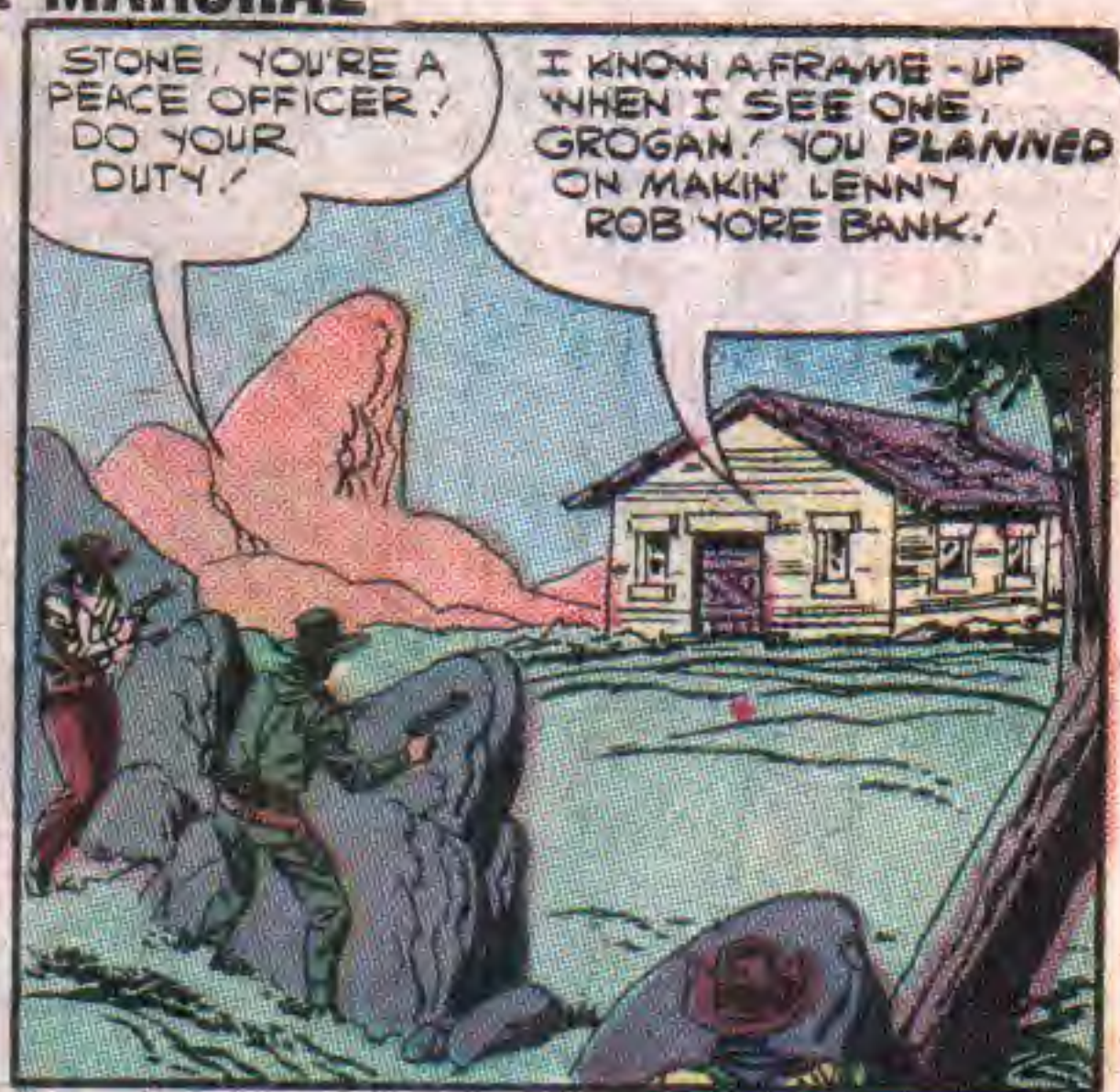
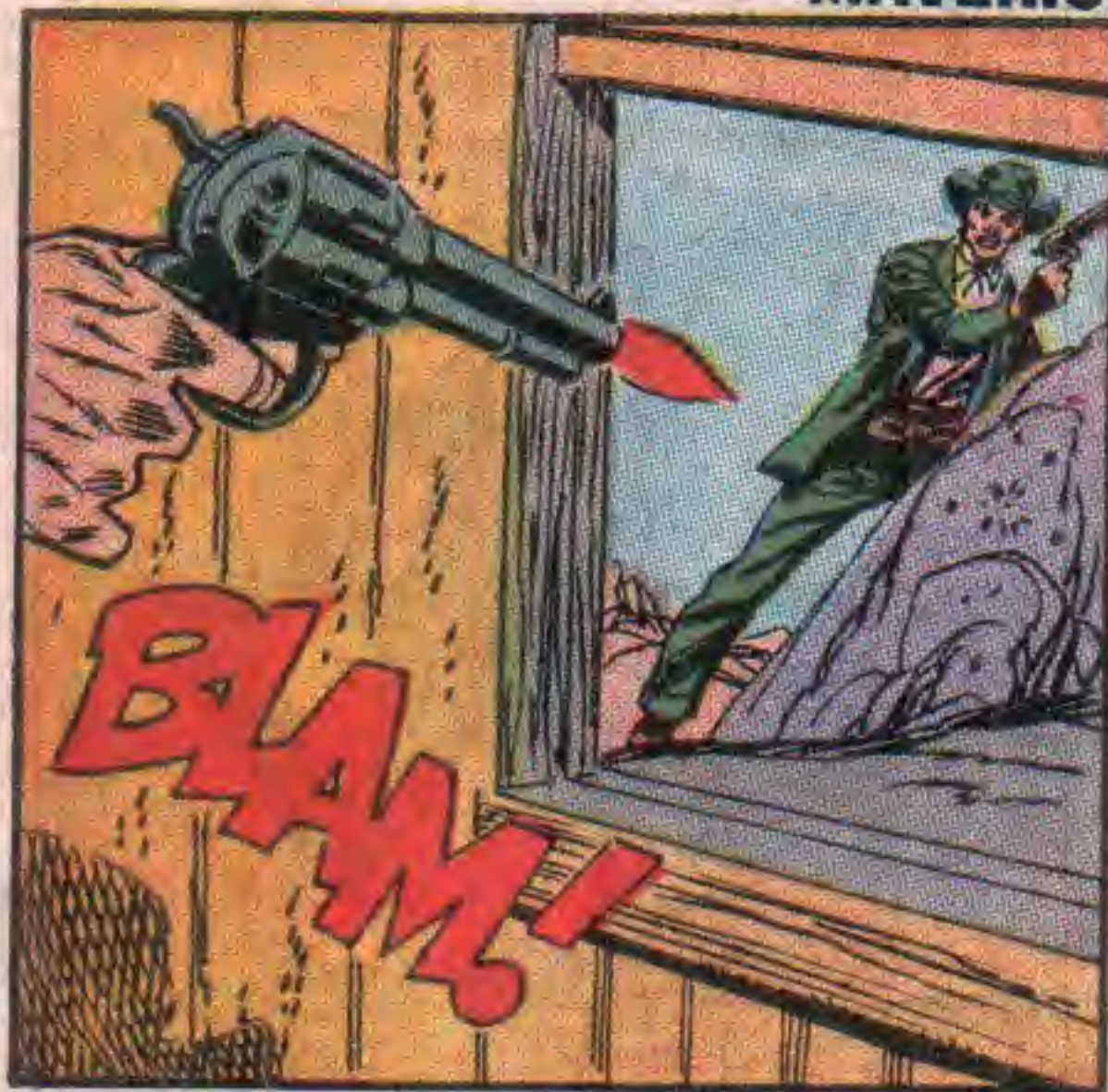
Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

[illegible]

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

WILSON CHEMICAL CO.
DEPT. 99-9, TYRONE, PA.

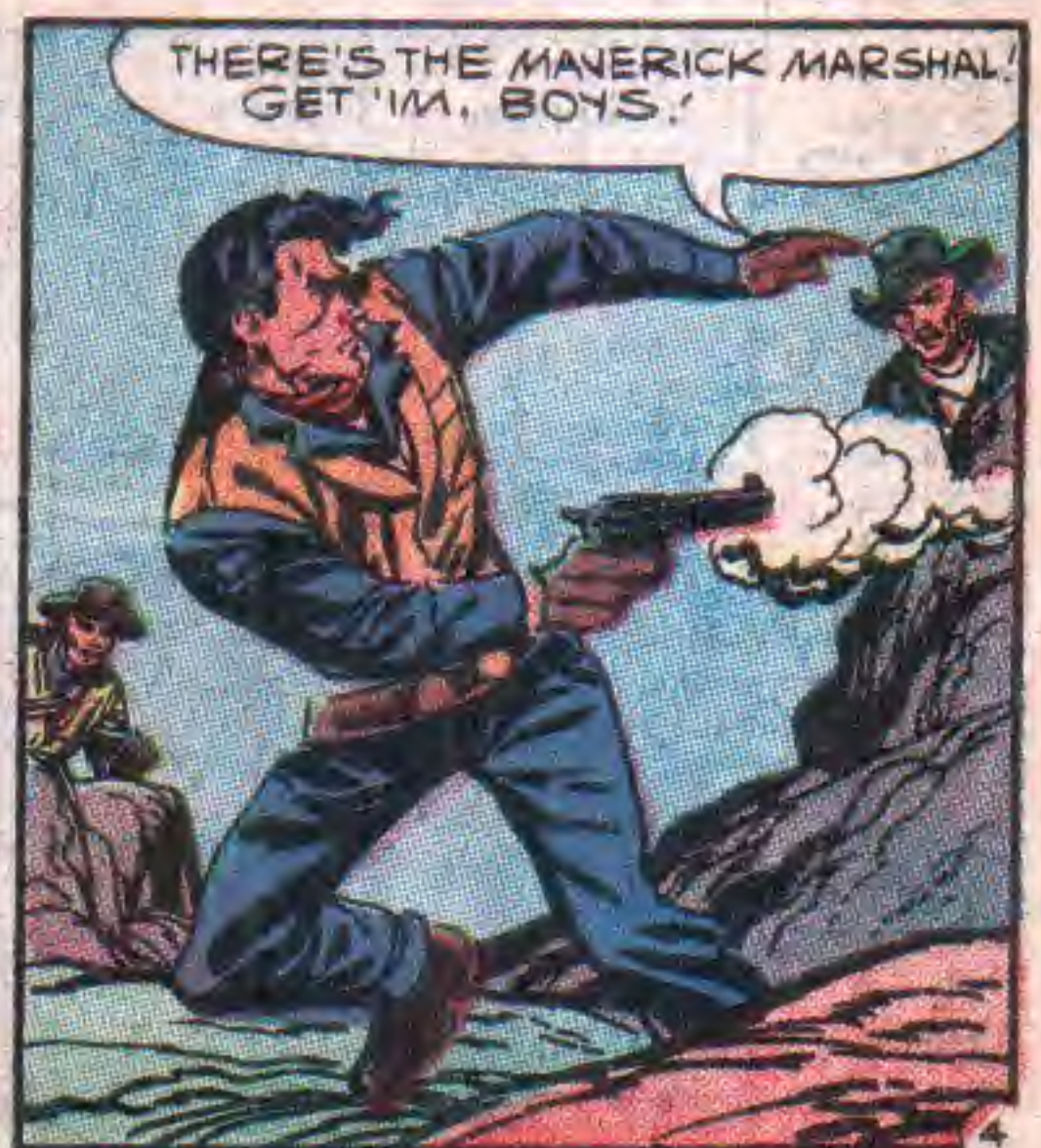
MAVERICK MARSHAL



THERE WERE FIVE OF THEM OUT THERE... I HAD TO CUT DOWN THE ODDS FAST OR THEY'D GET US BOTH! I STARTED AT THE BACK WINDOW...



GROGAN DIDN'T SEE ME IN TIME... LENNY SEARS WAS KEEPING HIS COLT HOT... AND ACCURATE...



MAVERICK MARSHAL

GROGAN
HAD TO
FIGHT
THEN...
IF
YOUNG
SEARS
GOT
BACK
TO TELL
OUR
STORIES,
HE'D BE
SURE TO
GO TO
PRISON...



GET GROGAN, MARSHAL!
I'VE GOT THIS OTHER
ONE!



HOLD IT, MARSHAL!
I'M NO GUN-
FIGHTER... I
WOULDN'T HAVE
A CHANCE!

YOU MEAN -- YOU'D
ONLY HAVE AN EVEN
BREAK? THAT'S NOT
GOOD ENOUGH
FOR YOUR KIND,
IS IT?



CASH
GROGAN
BABBLED
A CON-
FESSION
RIGHT
THERE...
I KNEW
TWO OF
HIS GUZ-
HANKS
WOULD
TESTIFY
TO WHAT
HE'D
HEARD,
YOUNG
LENNY
SEARS
HAD
THE
RANCH
BACK...

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
TUN THANK
YUH, SIR!

DON'T TRY, LENNY!
INCIDENTALLY, YOU
GET A CELL TOO--
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST FOR BANK
ROBBERY! YOU'LL BE
RELEASED AS SOON
AS THE JUDGE
HEARS HOW IT
HAPPENED!



MARK STONE, THE
MAVERICK MARSHAL!
HE SURE IS A
MAVERICK--LENNY
SEARS WAS A
BANKROBBER--
HE HELPED HIM
GET AWAY WITH IT!

WE NEED A FEW MORE
MAVERICKS LIKE MARK
STONE! THIS COUNTRY
WOULD BE A LOT MORE
PEACEFUL IF WE DID!



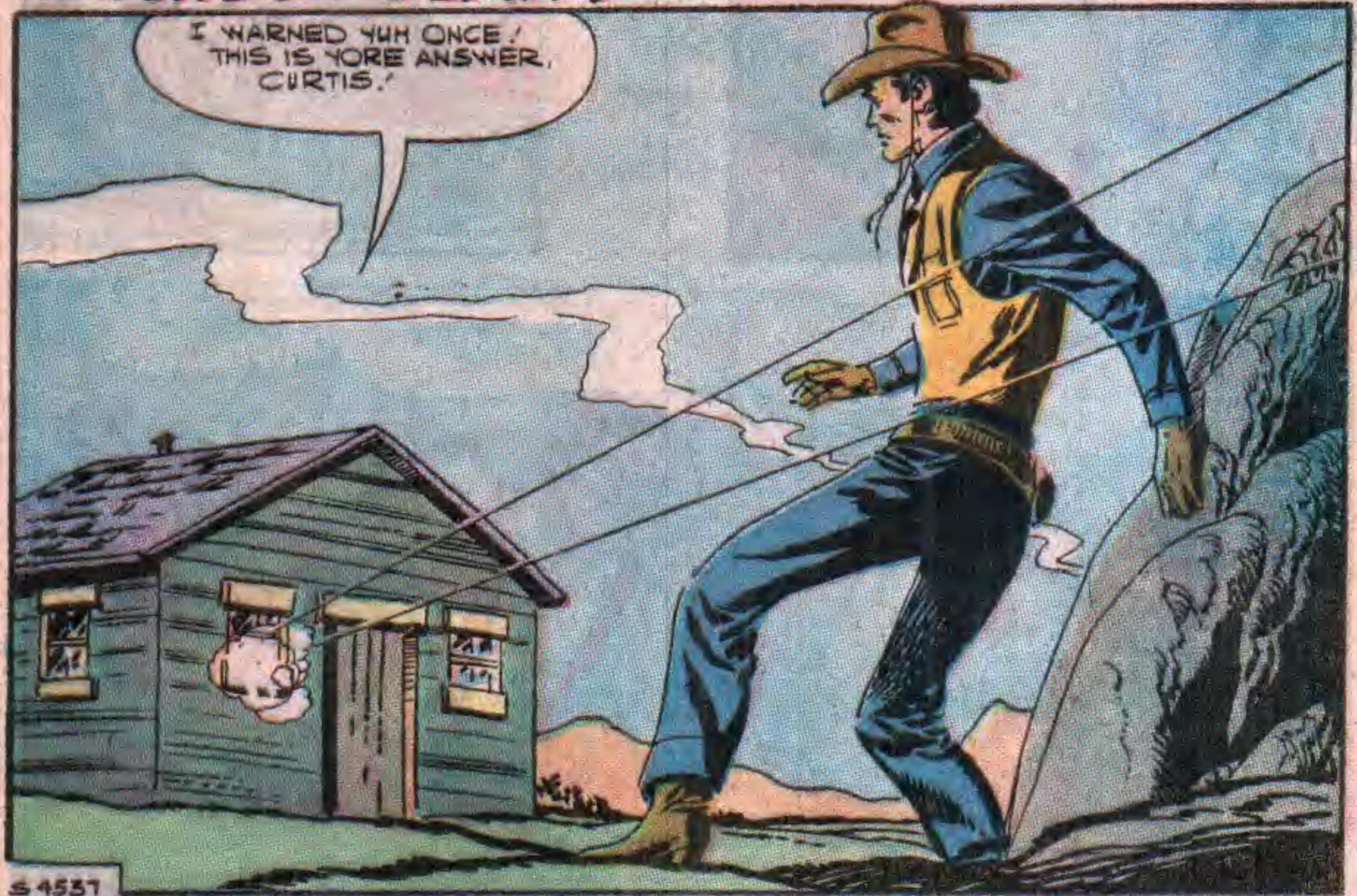
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MAVERICK MARSHAL



IT WASN'T A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT, I THOUGHT, WHEN I HEADED INTO SKULL VALLEY--MY MAN, HAL TROBERT, WAS WANTED IN HOUSTON FOR FRAUD. I KNEW THE CIRCUMSTANCES AND I KNEW TROBERT WAS TECHNICALLY GUILTY BUT THAT HE'D BE RELEASED OR LET OFF WITH A SUSPENDED SENTENCE! I THOUGHT I HAD A CINCH UNTIL I FOUND TROBERT'S HOUSE...

'OWLHOOT DEPUTY'



I WARNED YUH ONCE!
THIS IS YORE ANSWER,
CURTIS!

S 4537



TROBERT'S SUDDEN WITH HIS SIX-GUN! I'D BETTER BE LOOKIN' OVER A COLT NEXT TIME I TALK! THERE SHOULD BE A WINDOW AROUND THIS SIDE!

I FOUND THE WINDOW, AND I SAW TROBERT! HE WAS SCARED REAL BAD! HIS HANDS WERE SHAKING AS HE RELOADED THE COLT...



HELLO, TROBERT! I'M MARK STONE, U.S. MARSHAL! DON'T MOVE--JUST PUT THE GUN DOWN! I'M NOT GONNA HARM YUH!

MAVERICK MARSHAL



MARSHAL? YOU'RE NOT ONE OF CURTIS'S GUNSLINGERS?

NOPE! I'M JUST UP HERE TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT A HERD YUH DROVE OUT OF TEXAS WHEN A HOUSTON BANKER HELD A MORTGAGE AGAINST 'EM!

THE RELIEF I SAW IN TROBERT THEN WAS PITIFUL! HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE WARRANT I CARRIED, THAT WAS THE LEAST OF HIS WORRIES...



I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR! CURTIS AND LEROY FULLER SAID THEY'D BE AFTER ME IF I HELD OUT!

LEROY FULLER? HE'S WANTED FOR QUESTIONING ABOUT A PRISON BREAK OVER IN ARIZONA! I'D LIKE TUH TALK TUH H....



COME ON OUT, TROBERT! WE'RE HERE -- JUST LIKE WE PROMISED!

I WON'T JUST SIT AN' TAKE IT! I'LL SHOW 'EM I'M NOT YELLA!

GET DOWN, TROBERT!

LEROY FULLER GOT IN THE FIRST WORD-- ALONG WITH A LOT OF LEAD THAT NEARLY FINISHED TROBERT AND MY-SELF...



DON'T SHOW YOUR-SELF, TROBERT! IF YUH DO, THEY'LL...



HE'S RIGHT, TROBERT! DROP THE GUN AN' TURN AROUND, MISTER! SLOW!

MAVERICK MARSHAL



I'M A FEDERAL MARSHAL, FULLER! YOU'RE INTERFERIN' WITH ME -- THIS MAN IS MY PRISONER!

WRONG, LAWMAN! YUH'RE MY PRISONER! GIT OUTSIDE -- CUSTICE WILL WANT A LOOK AT YUH! HE HATES FEDERAL MARSHALS!

I FORGOT ALL ABOUT TROBERT AND MY WARRANT WHEN I SAW LEROY FULLER'S PARTNER! THEY CALLED HIM CUSTICE -- ON THE WANTED LIST, HIS NAME WAS CURTIS, A NOTORIOUS OWL-HOOTER...



TAKE A GOOD LOOK, STONE! YUH KNOW ME, HUH?

I KNOW YUH, CURTIS, AN' I'LL SEE YUH BEHIND BARS BEFORE THIS IS OVER!



NEVER MIND TROBERT, LEROY! GET THAT LAWMAN!



I'LL GET 'IM FROM THE OTHER SIDE, CUSTICE! KEEP FIRIN' AT 'IM!

BLAM!

BLAM!



THEY WERE FAST WITH THEIR GUNS... BUT THEIR BRAINS WERE A LOT SLOWER IN A PINCH! THEY LEFT ME A WAY OUT... THE WINDOW...



HE'S IN THE HOUSE, LEROY! PROBABLY HIDIN' IN A CLOSET OR UNDER A BED!

MAVERICK MARSHAL

I DIDN'T SEE ANY WAY OUT -- IF I WENT FOR MY COLT ON THE FLOOR, CURTIS' LEAD WOULD GET TO ME. IF I DIDN'T, FULLER WOULD COME AT ME FROM THE FRONT DOOR! I HAD TO MAKE A MOVE...

HEY, MARSHAL -- GO FOR YORE GUN! I'LL GIVE-YUH A CHANCE!



YOU WOULDN'T GIVE YORE OWN BROTHER A CHANCE, FULLER! GO AHEAD, MARSHAL! I'LL HANDLE FULLER!



I FIGURED YUH'D TRY IT, MARSHAL!



COME ON -- TRY IT, STONE!

I'LL WAIT, CURTIS! I'LL SEE YUH BE-HIND BARS!



I COULD SEE HIM MAKING UP HIS MIND -- HIS EYES NARROWED, HIS FINGER BEGAN TIGHTENING ON THE TRIGGER! IF I MOVED, HE'D MAKE IT THAT MUCH QUICKER! I DIDN'T -- I FROZE...

I'D BE A CHUMP NOT TO, MARSHAL! AN' I'M NOT A CHUMP!



TROBERT... SHOT ME... CUSTICE! HE... WATCH OUT!

WHERE IS HE NOW? WHERE'D HE GO?



MAVERICK MARSHAL

I COULD WAIT FOR TROBERT TO HELP OUT-- BUT THAT WOULD MEAN MORE SHOOTING. SOME-ONE ELSE CATCHING LEAD! I GRABBED MY CHANCE...



NICE ONE, MARSHAL!



THEY'LL STAND TRIAL ON HALF A DOZEN CHARGES. MY OFFICE HAS BEEN AFTER THOSE TWO FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!

I ALMOST FORGOT-- HERE'S MY GUN, MARSHAL!



I'LL GO TO PRISON TOO! MEBBE I SHOULD'VE SIDED WITH THEM IN THE FIGHT!

YUH'RE NOT THE TYPE, TROBERT! I'M GONNA MAKE YUH AN UNOFFICIAL DEPUTY -- YUH'LL HELP ME GET THEM TO A JAIL! WHEN MORE TRIAL COMES UP, I'LL BE THERE TUH TESTIFY! THEY WON'T BE HARD ON YUH NOW!

END

MAVERICK MARSHAL

DON PEDRO ROBERTO ALFREDO DE CAZA Y RUIZ WAS THE MOST WANTED OUTLAW IN MEXICO--THE SONORA RURALES SENT US A MESSAGE ASKING US TO DRIVE HIM BACK ACROSS THE BORDER! I GOT A TIP IN A BORDER TOWN-- AND I WAS UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO TRACK HIM DOWN!

MAVERICK MARSHAL

SONORA BADMAN

HERE I AM, GRINGO!

I FELT LIKE A TENDERFOOT-- THERE WAS NOTHING FOR ME TO DO BUT TOSS IN MY HAND...

GO--SIT ON THE FLAT ROCK NEAR THE FIRE, MARSHAL! DO NOT MAKE A TOO QUICK MOVE!



I HAD YOUR COFFEE ALL READY, SENOR! I SAW YOU TRAILING ME HOURS AGO!



**BOYS • GIRLS
MEN • WOMEN**

Boy and Girl Scouts
Camp Fire Girls - News Boys!

PRIZES GIVEN

MAKE MONEY, TOO!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, air-rides, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, model airplanes, scout equipment, movie machines, record players, and many others... all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c... sell on sight. You can make big cash commissions or get many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Other prizes for selling 2 sets or more. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you Free.

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!



HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship At Once Prepaid your first set of 24 Mottos on trust. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big Prize Catalog Free.

FREE MEMBERSHIP in FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and I'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS extra surprises!

**FREE
BIG
PRIZE
CATALOG**

The FUNman, Dept. 109
5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. **FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG**

Please rush to me on 15-day credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

Name _____

Street or RFD _____

City _____ State _____

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

MAVERICK MARSHAL



MAVERICK MARSHAL

IT IS LOPEZ -- HE IS THE CHIEF JACKAL OF SILVIO, THE TYRANT! SILVIO MUST BE SOMEWHERE NEAR!

QUICK, CAZA! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? WHY'D YUH ROB THE MINE? IF I BUY INTOH THE FIGHT, I WANT TA BE SURE I'M SIDIN' A RIGHT GUY!

SILVIO SWINDLED DON ALFREDO, OUR PATRON, THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF THE GOLD MINE!

SILVIO BROUGHT IN BAD MEN WITH GUNS -- THEY FORCE THE VILLAGERS TO DIG FOR LITTLE PAY! I STOLE THE GOLD TO BUY HELP FOR THE PEOPLE AND DON ALFREDO, THE REAL OWNER!

I WAS TAKING THE WORD OF AN OUTLAW -- BUT I BELIEVED HIM! I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE -- THE GENTS UP IN THE ROCKS WERE FIRING AT US BOTH...

QUICK, CAZA -- GRAB THE GOLD AND MAKE A RUN FOR THE HORSES!

AMIGO, THEY WILL SHOOT YOU IF THEY CAN! I DO NOT LIKE TO LEAVE YOU!

I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF! GO ON -- BEAT IT!



MAVERICK MARSHAL

CAZA GOT TO THE HORSES -- I KEPT THE BORDER -- JUMPERS BACK TILL I HEARD HIM YELL -- THEN I JOINED HIM...

SWING TOWARD THE RIVER -- I'VE GOT AN IDEA, CAZA, AND DON'T RUSH!



YOU ARE LOCO, AMIGO! THEY ARE AFTER US!

THAT'S RIGHT, CAZA -- I'M GOIN' TO MAKE SURE THEY CATCH US, TOO! THERE'S A SHACK NEAR THE RIVER UP AHEAD -- WE'LL HOLE UP THERE!



WE ARE TRAPPED, GRINGO -- UNLESS YOUR PLAN WORKS!

I SURE HOPE I DIDN'T MAKE A MISTAKE!



CAZA AND I HOLED UP IN THE SHACK -- THERE WAS ONE DOOR AND ONE WINDOW -- AND THREE BLIND SIDES THEY COULD SNEAK UP ON...

DON'T HURT 'EM TOO MUCH, CAZA! I WANT 'EM TUH SNEAK UP ON US!



GO TO THE BACK -- THEY CAN NOT SEE YOU THERE! WE WILL RECOVER THE GOLD AND TAKE THEM PRISONERS!



DROP THE GUN, GRINGO! CAZA, COME OUT HERE WEETH THE GOLD!



MAVERICK MARSHAL

THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR BELIEVING A GRINGO!

CAZA, YOU ARE A FOOL! YOU ARE LIKE DON ALFREDO AND THE MEN OF YOUR VILLAGE -- YOU ARE SHEEP WHO RUN BEFORE ME AND MY WOLVES!



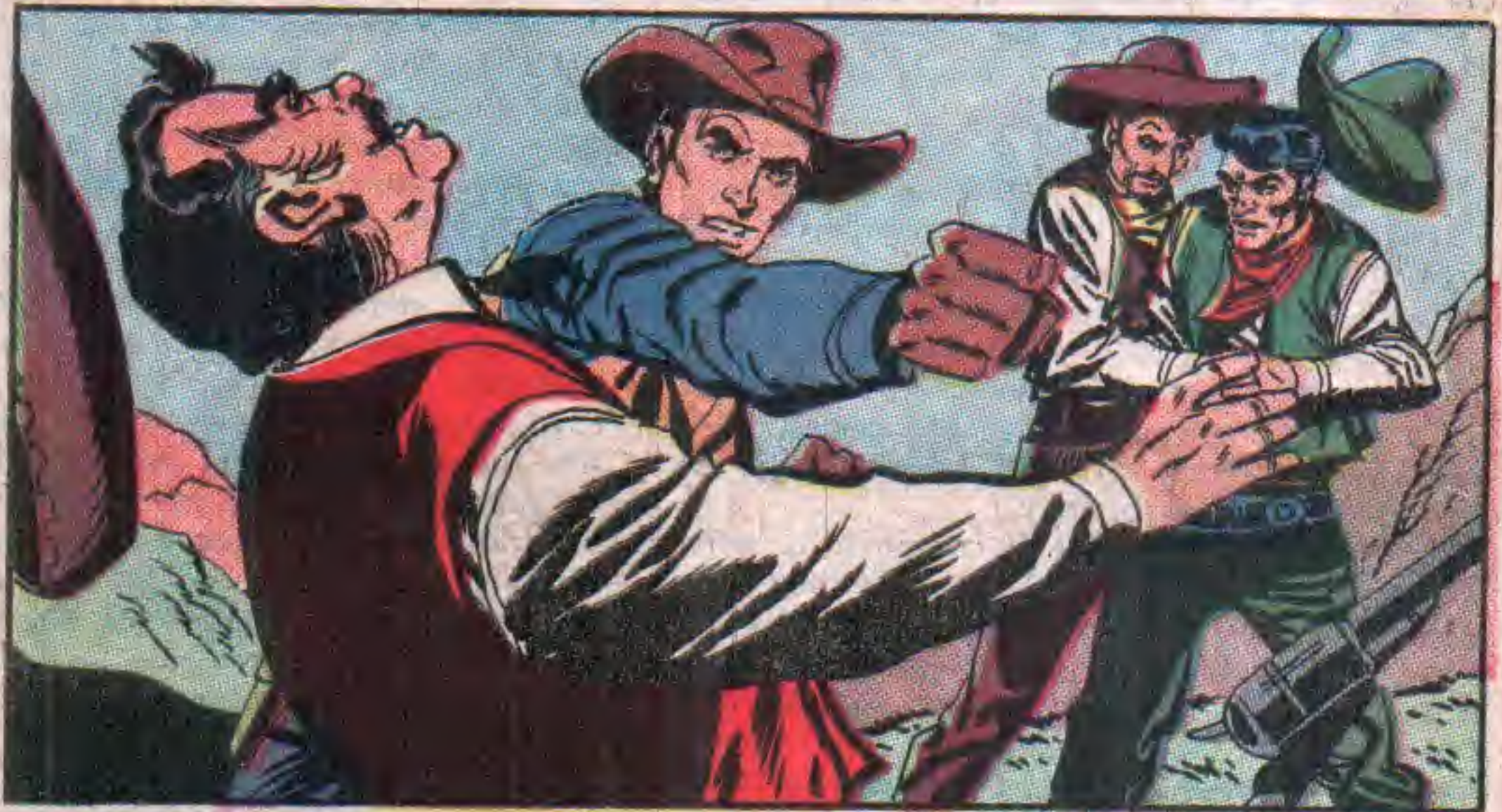
I HEARD HORSES AND SPURS JINGLING -- AND I STARTED TALKING...

CAZA TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU, SILVIO. IF IT'S TRUE, THEN YOU ARE THE OUTLAW, NOT PEDRO CAZA!

IT IS TRUE, GRINGO -- IT DOES NOT HURT FOR YOU TO KNOW! YOU SEE, YOU AND CAZA WILL NOT SURVIVE THIS MEETING!



THAT WAS ENOUGH FOR ME -- I DONE AT SILVIO -- HE HAD A GUN POINTED AT ME, A SINGLE-ACTION COLT! HE TRIED TO GET THE HAMMER BACK IN TIME BUT...



JENKINS AND I SPOTTED YOU, MARK! WE HEARD SILVIO'S CONFESSION!

BUENO -- THE CHIEF CAN FIGURE OUT THINGS FROM HERE! SILVIO, I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE RURALES ARE GOIN' TO LOCK YOU UP INSTEAD OF CAZA!



THAT'S THE WAY IT WORKED OUT -- THE SONORA GOVERNOR INVESTIGATED AND RESTORED THE MINE TO DON ALFREDO! PEDRO CAZA WAS REWARDED -- AND I GOT WHAT I DESERVED WHEN I REPORTED TO HEAD-QUARTERS...

...AND YOU COULD'VE GOTTEN US IN TROUBLE WITH THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT!

YES, SIR! I'LL TRY TO REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID, CHIEF!



HEAD 'EM NORTH

Just draw up the chairs, folks. Jed Perkins still has the twinkle in his eye that he had years ago when he first set foot in Texas. His memory is a storehouse of the events connected with ranches throughout the biggest state in the Union. His voice might be a bit low. But after yelling at cattle and horses for many decades, no wonder he has lost some of his power.

"Many owners of large ranches and stocks of cattle are also drovers. The life of the ranchman is commonplace and routine in duties and labors. But that of the drover is ever subject to changes, new combinations of circumstances as well as new acquaintances and new scenery. And there is the hope of good markets and sudden fortune.

Let us trace the steps of the drover who had determined to drive to the Northern market. Early in the year he determines to drive and straightaway goes into the section from which he has decided to bring his herd. Riding from one ranch to another, he contracts with the owner or his agent at the ranch, for the delivery at a given place, usually at the corral, of a certain number of cattle of whatever age he may have decided to drive.

Droves are usually largely composed of what are termed "Beeves." That is, a steer four years old or older. And it matters not whether he weighs seven hundred pounds gross or seven tons gross. So he is the proper age, he is a "beef" and counts one and only one. And it matters not whether he is four years or fourteen years old. He is "beef." And a drove thereof is styled a drove of "Beeves —"

Our drover pays but one price to all ranchmen. When he has completed his contracts and while the ranchman is gathering the stock to fill them, the drover rides to some horse ranch and buys the necessary saddle horses. He gets up a "cavvie yard" and also a wagon for hauling camp supplies. Then he secures the necessary number of cowboys to aid him in driving, not forgetting to obtain a cook whose duties on the road, in addition to cooking, is to drive the camp wagon and to take care of the usual regulation supplies.

When the day for receiving his purchases arrives, the drover with his outfit of hands and camp equipment, puts in an appearance at the designated place. All such cattle as will fill the contract are received, and often many that do not fill the contract are taken simply because the custom was to take almost everything the ranchman has gathered. The ranch-

man in gathering the stock to fill his contract, drives together or "rounds up" a large number of cattle of all ages and sexes. While from six to ten cowboys hold the herd together, the ranchman with one or two assistants separates such as are suitable. This process is termed "cutting out."

The process of "cutting out" is one that requires skill and expert horsemanship, both of which the experienced cowboy usually possesses in a high degree. Especially the latter, for it is indeed a desperately bad cow pony that he cannot ride. To accomplish the greatest amount of labor with the least effort, two cowboys work together. When a beef is selected to be "cut out," he is cleverly and quietly maneuvered to the outskirts of the round-up. When the opportunity presents itself, the cowboys dash at him, and before he is aware of it, is on the outside of and separated from the herd.

But no sooner does he discover the situation, than he makes a desperate effort to regain his comrades. Just here is where the skill of the cowboy comes in handy. While one rides beside the steer, the other rides just behind him, to prevent or check any sudden change of direction that the excited animal may choose to make in his efforts to get back to the herd. This he tries desperately to do, and persists in trying so long as there is a shadow of a chance to outrun his pursuers. Often the race is close and the contest exciting. Sometimes the outer circle of the round-up will be run more than once before the beef will be induced to abandon the effort to get back into the herd.

But when he finds himself outrun and out-generated, he will toss up his head and look for the comrades which had been previously cut out, and are being held a few hundred feet distant. In the beginning of the cut out, a few gentle cows or working oxen are driven a short space from the round up and held, to form a nucleus to which those cut out gather. Cutting out is always done on an open, smooth prairie, and never done inside a corral, as a Northern man handles or separates his cattle.

When north with their herds, a Texas driver always prefers the prairie to any enclosure to handle his stock. For there, mounted on his pony, he feels at home and knows just how to manage. Besides he has a fixed prejudice against doing anything on foot that possibly can be done on horseback. Not to speak of the almost universal fear they entertain of being among their stock on foot. They are justified

to some extent for but a few Texas bullocks will hesitate, when inclosed alone in a strong corral, to show decided belligerent feelings, to furiously charge the person who dares to show himself on foot within the inclosure.

Occasionally, while loading a herd upon cars, a bullock will become detached from his comrades. Almost invariably, as soon as he finds himself alone without the ability to escape, he will manifest a disposition to fight anything or anybody that might be in sight. Often considerable difficulty is experienced in getting him to any desired place. A Northern man, unaccustomed to handling Texan cattle, will often rush into the corral wherein is a single bullock. The net result can be a ripped suit of clothes. So he will learn the hard way: to do it on a horse.

Those creatures cut out are held under herd until others are aided from other quarters. When finally the required number is got together, they are taken to the corral — herded in daytime and corraled at night until the day of delivery to the drover comes. As fast as the drover receives the various detachments of his drove, they are by his men driven to some previously secured corral. When all in and the herd is complete then the job of road branding begins which, by the aid of plenty of help, is soon completed.

All things being ready, a start is made but not before the drover has secured and recorded a bill of sale from each ranchman or his lawful agent from whom the stock was purchased. The bill of sale sets forth not only the ranch brands but also the earmarks. It is necessary for the drover to have this for without it, the officers of the law would regard him as a thief and of course arrest him.

Now that a start is once made, hard driving for the first days is the custom. For several reasons this is done. First, in order to get the stock off their accustomed range whereon they feel at home. And know all the country for they are much harder to keep under control when on strange ground. Second, it is done to break or accustom them to being driven. At the same time to tire them by hard traveling so they will feel at nightfall like lying down and resting instead of running away, as they would be sure to do if they were not fatigued.

We have heard drovers say that they traveled the first three or four days at a rate of twenty-five or thirty miles per day. But as soon as the cattle are driven off their usual range and got on to the regular trail, the distance of a day's drive is reduced to ten or fifteen miles each day. They are permitted to go out on the range in the morning early and to feed, care being taken that they be kept headed in the direction the drover wishes to go.

They will feed along for two or three miles then turn into the trail and travel three or four miles. When after drinking their fill of water, they will lie down and rest from two to four hours in the middle of the day. Getting up from their beds they soon turn from the trail upon the grass and take their afternoon food preparatory to being rounded up for the night. When upon the bed ground, one or more men remain with them during the silent hours of the night, being relieved by regular relays from the camp.

With each herd there are about two men to every three hundred cattle. And each man should have at least two saddle horses which he rides alternately. They live exclusively upon the grass. The extra horses not under saddle are called the cavvie-yard, and are driven behind the camp wagon which is drawn by one or more yokes of oxen. It is often a cumbersome rude cart made with an eye for strength rather than beauty, and is made the receptacle of the provisions and camp outfit. To drive a drove of cattle properly more patience than labor is required.

Many traders of modern capital do a profitable business in Texas in getting together herds ready for the trail. Then selling them to some regular drover. Quite a number of young energetic men have thus made considerable sums of money this way. In fact, they have laid the foundation of their future fortunes in this manner. Anything could happen while en route to the North. If you want to write a western fiction story, use this as the background. Look at all the things that could take place.

First, you can have Indian trouble. The redskins might want a big payment to go through ground that they consider as their own personal territory. Or they might want to stampede the herd and help themselves to the stock in it. Second, you got to consider Mother Nature. A windstorm can raise havoc with the cattle. Or you can find yourself in a place that's short of regular grass. How you going to feed all those hungry head of stock? Maybe it is getting warm. You come to where the river should be — but no water. Tell me, how are you going to quench their thirst?

Sometimes trouble can start among the men who are with you — and then you got everything for a big conflict. Add a stampede and you should be able to hold your reader. But I remember three times when the herd stampeded! Just going wild and you haven't a chance if caught by them. Maybe those days are gone forever. But as long as adventure and the West exist, you just take the cattle on the trail and head 'em North."

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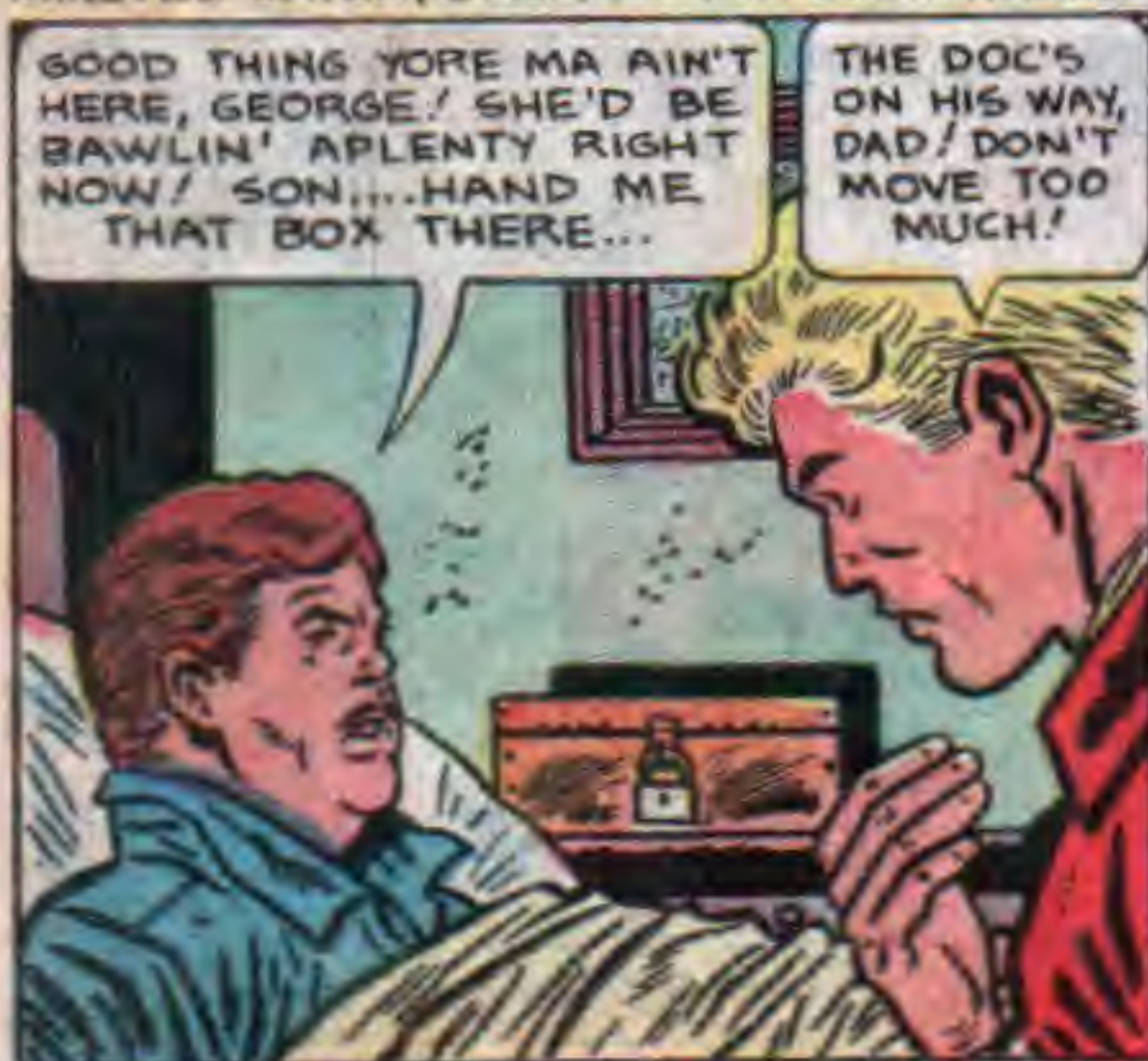
MAVERICK MARSHAL

GEORGE GIBBONS' DAD WAS A FIGHTER BEFORE HE SETTLED IN HOTCREEK VALLEY..... BUT HE HUNG UP HIS GUNS AND BEGAN DRIVING A PLOW AS IF HE HAD BEEN AT IT ALL HIS LIFE! HIS SON, GEORGE, NEVER SAW THE COLT .44'S UNTIL A BUSH - WHACKER'S SLUG ALMOST ENDED HIS FATHER'S LIFE!

THE GIBBONS BOY



MINUTES LATER, BACK AT THE FARMHOUSE...



MAVERICK MARSHAL

I... I THINK I'LL MAKE IT OKAY, SON... BUT TAKE THEM ANYHOW... AND GUARD THIS PLACE! IF A GENT BY THE NAME OF LATZO SHOWS UP... DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! START SHOOTIN'!



THE DOCTOR ARRIVED AND EXTRACTED A .45 SLUG... THEN, WITH GEORGE GIBBONS DRIVING, HE WAS TAKEN TO TOWN! LATER GEORGE RETURNED HOME!

DAD'LL BE OKAY, I GUESS! THOSE GUNS HE SHOWED ME... THEY'RE WORN BUT THE BARRELS ARE GOOD! I WONDER WHO THIS LATZO...

ARE YOU GIBBONS' KID? DON'T MOVE!



WH? YES, I'M GEORGE GIBBONS! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IS YORE OLD MAN STILL ALIVE?



YES, HE'S... WAIT A MINUTE... HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WAS HURT?? UNLESS... YOU DID IT!!!



YOUNG GEORGE HAD A REPUTATION FOR BEING GOOD-NATURED AND HARMLESS! BUT HE LEAPED AT MIKE LATZO LIKE A LOBO WOLF!



MAVERICK MARSHAL

THE FARM BOY DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE MAN HE'D HIT HAD A DOZEN NOTCHES ON HIS GUN.... IF HE'D KNOWN, HE WOULDN'T HAVE CARED!

I'M GONNA MAKE YUH CONFESS... THEN
I'M GONNA TAKE YUH TUH THE SHERIFF!



HOLD IT, FLOWBOY! LET 'IM GO OR
I SHOOT!



I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TUH FIND NICK GIBBONS
FOR TEN YEARS... I FOUND 'IM BUT LUKE
THERE BOTCHED THE JOB! THIS IS EVEN
BETTER...



I HEARD HE'S NUTS ABOUT THIS FARM
...HE THINKS YOU'RE TOPS TOO, SONNY!
I'M GONNA WRECK THE FARM, FIRST,
THEN I'M GONNA FIX YOU, MUSCLE-
HEAD! GO ON... SHOW ME THE HOUSE!



YOUR PAW WAS A LAWMAN THAT
GOT ME SENT TO LEAVENWORTH...
HE LIVED IT UP WHILE I WAS DOING
TEN YEARS IN THE JUG! LUKE,
SMASH EVERYTHING!



MAVERICK MARSHAL

GEORGE GIBBONS WAS NO FIGHTER... BUT HE COULDN'T STAND THERE AND WATCH THE THINGS HIS MOTHER HAD TREASURED ALL HER LIFE BE SMASHED!

GIBBONS MADE A PLAY, BUT HE WAS OUTNUMBERED AND OVERPOWERED! MIKE LATZO'S GANG WERE UNAWARE OF THE LAMP THAT HAD FALLEN IN THE STRUGGLE.



TEN MINUTES LATER, GIBBONS 'BOY' RODE INTO TOWN... RIDING A PLOW HORSE BAREBACK!



MAVERICK MARSHAL

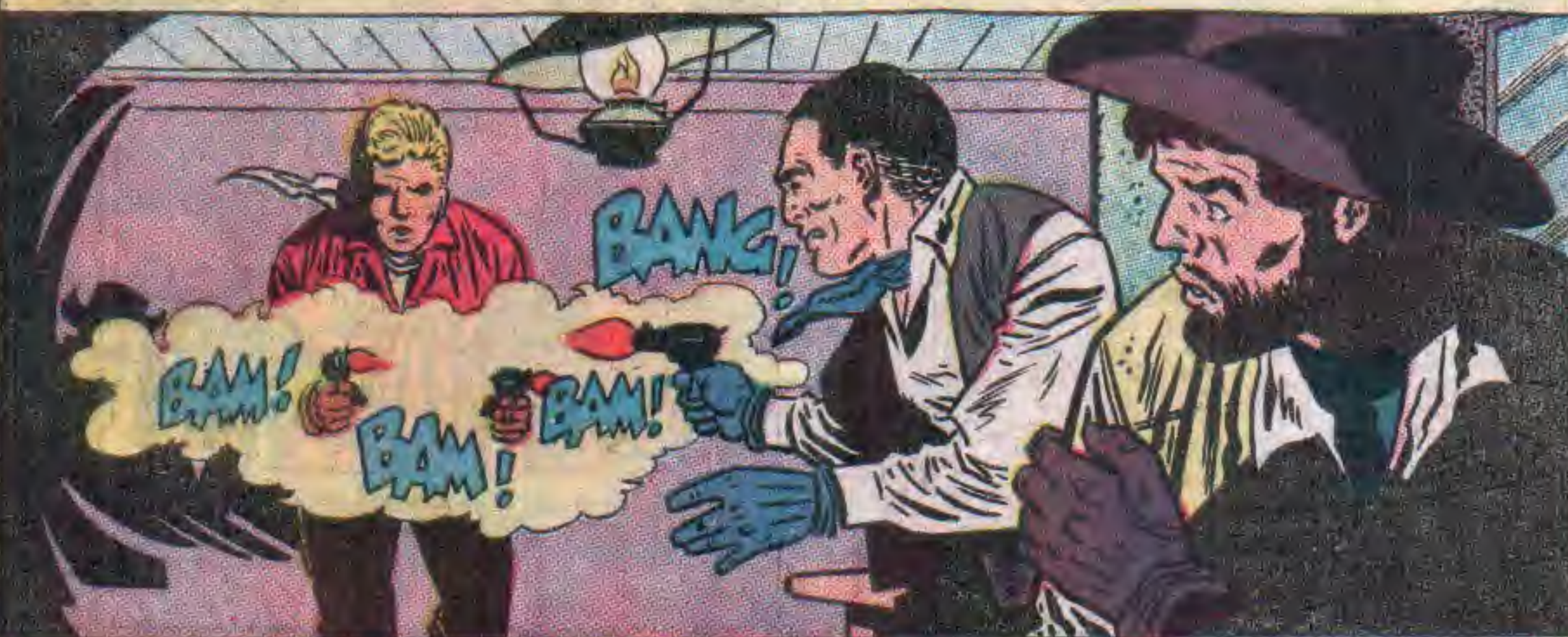
NO ONE KNEW LATZO OR HIS PAL HAD SHOT NICK GIBBONS ... THEY WERE DRINKING AT THE BAR WHEN GEORGE GIBBONS ARRIVED...

THE KID THOUGHT HE WAS TOUGH, LUKE! YOU KNOCKED SOME SENSE INTO HIS HEAD!

SHUT UP, MIKE! HE'S HERE!

I'M NOT A GUNFIGHTER, LATZO... BUT I'M BIG AND STRONG! IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN ONE BULLET TUH STOP ME! I'M COMIN' FOR YUH!

THE MAN THEY CALLED THE GIBBONS BOY STARTED WALKING... HIS DAD'S COLTS IN HIS FISTS, BOTH OF THEM ROARING! AND MIKE LATZO WAS SCARED, FIRING FAST ...MISSING!



I TOLD YUH, LATZO ...I WAS HARD TO STOP, WASN'T I ?

GET HIM AWAY FROM ME! HE'S CRAZY! I... I GIVE UP!

LATZO AND HIS PAL WERE LOCKED UP! GEORGE GIBBONS WENT TO THE SAME DOCTOR WHO WAS CARING FOR HIS DAD! HE FOUND NICK GIBBONS AWAKE ... AND VERY PROUD!

YOU'RE A FIGHTER, SON! I'M PROUD OF YOU!

THANKS, DAD! LATZO WON'T BOTHER EITHER OF US AGAIN!

END

MAVERICK MARSHAL

MAVERICK MARSHAL

WARRANT FOR A WIDOW

WHEN I RODE INTO BUCKHORN WITH NEWS OF WALT CANNING'S DEATH, I EXPECTED TROUBLE-- BUT NOT THE KIND THAT WAS WAITING FOR ME! THE WARRANT IN MY POCKET WAS FOR THE OWNER OF THE CROSSBAR RANCH-- I DIDN'T REALIZE IT THEN THAT I HAD TO SERVE IT ON A WOMAN LIKE MRS. BELLE CANNING...

I'M REAL SORRY, MRS. CANNING! I'VE GOT A WARRANT FOR THE OWNER OF THE CROSSBAR RANCH! WALT IS DEAD-- THAT MEANS ITS FOR YOU!

BADGE OR NO BADGE, I'M GONNA DO IT!



YOU'RE JASE LEVINGER-- I'VE HEARD OF YUH. MISTER! PUT THAT GUN AWAY OR I'LL MAKE YUH USE IT FASTER THAN YUH EVER DID BEFORE!

PLEASE, MARSHAL! JASE IS ALL RIGHT-- HE'S TRYING TO HELP ME!

MA'AM, THERE ARE SOME LEGAL PAPERS FOR YUH TO SIGN! DO YUH MIND?

LET'S GET IT OVER WITH-- I KNOW MY HUSBAND RUINED A LOT OF PEOPLE-- I INTEND TO TRY TO MAKE GOOD THEIR LOSSES FROM THE ESTATE!



MAVERICK MARSHAL

I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN -- BUT BELLE CANNING WAS A BUCK-HORN GIRL AND WELL LIKED! THE HARDCASES IN TOWN WEREN'T GOING TO LET ME LOCK HER IN A CELL -- WHICH WAS WHAT JASE LEVINGER SAID I INTENDED TO DO...



FREEZE RIGHT THERE, STONE!



COME OVER HERE, MRS. CANNING -- GET ON YOUR HORSE! I'M TAKIN' YUH OUT TO THE RANCH! DON'T INTERFERE, MARSHAL!

GO AHEAD, MRS. CANNING! THEY'LL START THROWIN' LEAD IF YUH DON'T! YUH MIGHT GET HURT!



I WATCHED LEVINGER LEAD THE WAY OUT OF TOWN -- OLD BILL LIMMON RODE ALONG, WHICH MADE ME FEEL A LOT BETTER...

THE FANCY LAWMAN BACKED DOWN IN A HURRY, DIDN'T HE?



DON'T LOOK AT US LIKE THAT, BUSTER! WE DON'T SCARE EASY!

YOU'RE ALL FOOLS -- YOU THINK JASE LEVINGER'S HONEST? HE'S THE BIGGEST RUSTLER IN THE SOUTHWEST!



GET BACK -- I'M JUST MEAN ENOUGH RIGHT NOW TUH MAKE YUH BOTH EAT LEFT HANDED FOR A WHILE! I'M GON' IN THERE FOR A MEAL!



I WASN'T GRANDSTANDING WHEN I SLAPPED LEATHER -- I JUST WANTED THEM TO KNOW HOW FAST I WAS TO SAVE TROUBLE! THE SALOON OWNER ANSWERED SOME QUESTIONS FOR ME.

THANKS, MISTER! I'LL SEE THAT BELLE CANNING DOESN'T COME TO HARM!



MAVERICK MARSHAL

I KNEW WHERE THE CROSSBAR WAS LOCATED... I HEADED THAT WAY, WATCHING THE TRACKS OF THE TRIO AHEAD OF ME. THEY HEADED THAT WAY FOR A SPELL, THEN TURNED SOUTH, HEADING FOR THE RIMROCK...

LEVINGER'S UP TO SOMETHING! I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE WIDOW!



WHAT HAPPENED, OLD TIMER?

LEVINGER WHIPPED ME! I GIVE 'IM AN ARGUMENT WHEN I OVERHEARD 'IM TELLIN' MRS. CUNNING THE RANCH WAS WORTHLESS!



HERE, HAVE SOME WATER! WHERE ARE THEY HEADED?

NESTER CREEK! HIM AN' WALT DID ALL THEIR RUSTLIN' THERE! GO HELP THAT GIRL!



NESTER CREEK WAS THE ONLY WATER IN THE RIMROCK... A PERFECT PLACE FOR RUSTLERS TO COLLECT BEEF! IT WAS WELL GUARDED TOO...



THAT SOUNDED LIKE CHICK GOT SOMEONE ON... HEY! HOLD IT, MISTER!



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MAVERICK MARSHAL

MRS. CANNING TOLD ME LATER-- LEVINGER'S IDEA WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH! HE THOUGHT HE COULD PERSUADE HER TO CONTINUE OPERATIONS EXACTLY AS THE RUSTLER, WALT CANNING, HAD DONE...



LOOK-- THEY CAN'T PROVE A THING! THAT MARSHAL'S WARRANT IS WORTHLESS IF HE DOESN'T FIND THE RUSTLED BEEF WE GOT COLLECTED HERE!



YOU FORCED WALT INTO BEING YOUR PARTNER, MR. LEVINGER! I ASKED HIM TO STOP AND HE PROMISED THAT HE WOULD! IS THAT WHY YOU KILLED HIM?



WHO SAYS I... LOOK, LADY, YUH GOT NO CHOICE! EITHER YUH STRING ALONG WITH US OR YUH GO TUH JAIL!



I HEARD THAT TALK-- I WAS WITHIN TWENTY FEET OF THEM BY THEN! THE HORSE WRANGLER HAD BEEN EASY TO KEEP QUIET...

I'D RATHER GO TO JAIL, MISTER! I HOPE THAT MARSHAL PUTS ALL OF US IN JAIL--IT WILL BE WORTH IT TO SEE YOU PUNISHED!



HOLD IT, LEVINGER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



YUH WON'T... OKAY, LAWMAN, WHAT DO YUH WANT ME TUH DO?



LOOK OUT, MARSHAL!



THE THING I'D TRIED TO PREVENT WAS HAPPENING-- THE WIDOW WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A GUN-BATTLE...



MAVERICK MARSHAL

THERE WAS A RIFLEMAN AT THE CORRAL -- I THUMBED OFF TWO SLUGS AT HIM! THE SECOND ONE DID THE TRICK...



NO! I WON'T LET YOU DO IT!

LET GO, YOU LITTLE FOOL!



I'M GONNA DO THIS WITHOUT A GUN, LEVINGER! MRS. CANNING, MAKE SURE NO ONE SNEAKS UP BEHIND ME!

NO, WAIT!



I KNEW THE TRUTH THEN -- LEVINGER AND HIS GUNHANKS HAD FORCED WALT CANNING TO THROW IN WITH THEM! NOW, HE WAS TRYING TO MAKE THE WIDOW CANNING DO THE SAME! I NEVER WANTED TO HIT ANYONE AS MUCH AS I DID LEVINGER!

WAIT -- I'LL CONFESS! WALT CANNING KEPT HIS HOME RANCH IN THE CLEAR! THERE'S NO STOLEN BEEF THERE! DON'T HIT ME, STONE!

ALL RIGHT, LEVINGER! MRS. CANNING, IF YOU CAN HANDLE A GUN, KEEP HIM COVERED WHILE I ROUND UP THE REST OF THE GANG!



I DELIVERED SIX PRISONERS TO BUCKHORN THAT DAY -- HALF EXPECTING MORE TROUBLE BUT IT DIDN'T WORK THAT WAY.

I KNOW MY HUSBAND WOULD THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME IF HE COULD, MARSHAL!

I JUST DID MY JOB, MRS. CANNING! AND HANDING YOU THAT WARRANT WHEN I ARRAIGNED WAS THE TOUGHEST CHORE I EVER HAD TO DO SINCE PINNING ON THIS BADGE.



END

Can You UNSCRAMBLE These States?

Join the fun! Everybody can win! Test your skill to qualify for a valuable prize. Just unscramble the names of four states and then mail us the answer. Everybody can win. Anyone can enter.

- | | |
|--|--|
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(FAMOUS FOR ORANGES) | 3. SANOMENTI
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(FAMOUS FOR SUGAR) | 4. NAVINEPSALYN
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so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

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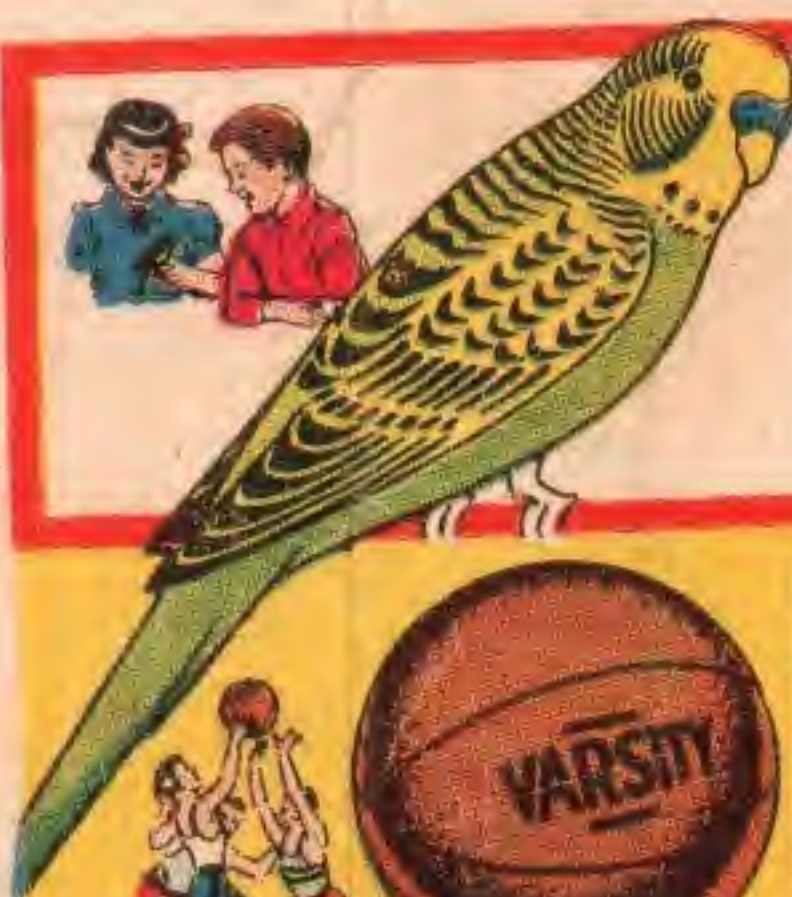
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